Remarkable Boy, I Do Admire Your Courage (I Think I'll Eat Your Heart)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14504916.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M, M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger, Bella Crawford/Jack Crawford
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Clarice Starling, Jack Crawford, Original Male Character(s), Francis Dolarhyde, Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	Here we go, dark!Will, Murder Husbands, Murder Family, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Kinda, sorta - Freeform, you'll see just read the damn fic, Dragon!Hannibal, I can't believe I haven't seen this before, Food is People, Will Finds Out, Fluff and Angst, Don't read if you like Jack, he's not a nice guy in this, Sorry Not Sorry, Happy Ending, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Hannigram - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-05-01 Words: 1,361 Chapters: 1/2

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by JadeNight67

Summary

“There have been dragon sightings near the Ardenne mountains.” Jack stared at Will. “We’ve been getting reports of missing farm animals, blackened patches of forest, and larger shapes flying too high to be any kind of bird I know.”

Will’s head snapped up with wide eyes. “How recent is the last sighting?”

Jack smiled. “This morning. I drove here as soon as I heard.”

The dogs came running back, muddy and panting.

“When do we leave?”

“Tomorrow, better go pack a bag.”

Notes

First Chapter; FINALLY GOING UP

A few (like five) months ago, a fellow tumblr came up with the brilliant Idea of Hannibal... but with dragons. This is my take on their wonderful prompt. If I ever figure out how to do it I'll link the original post.

I do not own Hannibal or any of the a characters within, any mistakes are my own.

(Hopefully) Updated monthly, if not bi-weekly.

Enjoy!

The dogs didn't like Jack.
Will understood; the man made his skin feel tight, like the force of his presence was pushing Will into the space Jack believed he'd best fit. He was pacing Will's living room, eyeing the old piano and stacks of notebooks strewn across the ground. He bent and picked one up, flipping through a few pages before tossing it back onto the ground.
"New book?"
Will shrugged. "We'll have to see, I'm just collecting research right now."
"Heard you were looking to apply to a doctorate program, planning to be called Doctor Graham instead of Professor?"
"Doctor has a nice ring to it, but no. I'm more focused on the research aspect; I'd like to be able to begin publishing a definitive text on the history of dragons, humans and their interactions."
Jack smiled, "How would you like some hands on experience."
Wil grimaced. Before he quit, Jack had made a habit of calling on him for consultations. His work for the Human and Dragon Behavioral Analysis Unit was well known, as were the disasters that tended to follow him.
Human mushroom farms and children slaughtering their families was enough to make anyone go a little insane.
The dogs began to whine, anxiously glancing at the door. Will stood up and ushered them out, sighing as he watched them run off towards a particularly muddy patch of grass.
"Look, Jack, I'm sure whatever serial killer has caught your eye will be caught without my help. You don't need me."
"That's not what I'm talking about."
"What then?" Will asked.
"There have been dragon sightings near the Ardenne mountains." Jack stared at Will. "We've been getting reports of missing farm animals, blackened patches of forest, and larger shapes flying too high to be any kind of bird I know."
Will's head snapped up with wide eyes. "How recent is the last sighting?"
Jack smiled. "This morning. I drove here as soon as I heard."
The dogs came running back, muddy and panting.
"When do we leave?"
"Tomorrow, better go pack a bag."

* * * *

The War on Dragons, or humanity's stupidest moment as Will thought of it, had lasted over 50 years. It left deep scars all over the world; forests and parts of cities still smoldering from dragon fire to this day. Will had spent the last ten years studying all there was to know about dragons, and their riders.
It wasn't that Will believed that the humans were entirely wrong; lord knows he had enough problems dealing with people with superiority complexes, let alone actual superior beings. If pressed, Will would say that humanity overreacted and their ignorance, as it often did, lead to the attempted annihilation of a species.
The fact that dragons had been seen 30 years after the conclusion of the war spoke to how ineffective sais annihilation had been.
"Daydreaming, Graham?"
Beverly Katz was one of the few HDBAU agents Will still spoke to. They had bonded over a

mutual fascination with dragon culture; she was the one who had initially pushed him to pursue a doctorate in dragon studies.
Will smiled, “No more than usual.”
The plane ride from Dulles to Belgium had been long, especially with his present company. Jimmy leaned in between their seats and gently poked Will in the ribs. “He’s probably having a wet dream over all the new dragon shit we’re going to find.”
After Jack had come to Wolf Trap, Will had been dragged back to Quantico, where he was filled in on the assignment.
“We’re there to observe and report on any dragon activity. The director wants us to get a read of the situation, make contact, and set up a channel of communication if possible,” Jack had said. “Will, you and Alana are going to spearhead the cultural aspect, keep us from offending anybody. Any misstep could lead to an interracial incident, and we cannot afford to fuck this up.”
Alana had been less than pleased with Will’s involvement. No one had forgotten the last time Jack roped him into a case.
“Leave him alone, Jimmy,” Alana said as she walked up the aisle. They had rented a small plane, large enough for 6 people to comfortably rest in the cabin. That was about it, though; the Bureau pinched every penny it could.
Will reached across the aisle to pat her hand. “I’ll be fine, Alana, no need to hover. Besides,” he added with a look at Jimmy, “I distinctly remember someone getting so drunk at a Christmas party, he spent several hours gushing over how sharp and pretty his new scalpels were.”
All three of them laughed as Jimmy blushed, “They were freshly sharpened, those babies could cut steel.”
“Time to get to work,” Jack interrupted, eyes fixed on the small airstrip they were approaching. “We’re here.”
The sun rose high above mountains covered in green forests, arching blue rivers, and flower speckled valleys.
“Beautiful,” Alana muttered.
“Let’s just remember what we’re here for,” Jack said.

As the plane descended onto a small strip of asphalt, Will could see a small town tucked into a valley between the foothills. A single gravel road connected the two, and the lack of use was evident from the way the weeds grew in between the rocks. The streets were lined with red shingled houses, with terraces and rooftop gardens.
The plane landed, rolling to a stop yards from where a woman stood near a waithing truck. Her brunette hair was braided to one side and tucked neatly to the back of her head. She smiled as the group climbed down from the plane.
“Jack, it’s good to see you!” The woman rushed forward to envelop Jack in a hug. “How are you?”
Jack huffed, “I’m doing about as well as I can be, how have you been Clarice?
“Good, James is back home watching the girls. I wish you could stay with us but we don’t have the room for all of you.” Clarice laughed.
Alana stepped forward to embrace Clarice, happy to see her old friend, “I’m glad you’re doing alright, it’ll be good to see James, Charlie and Sarah again. How old are they now?”
“Charlie is 7 and Sarah just turned 4. She’s getting so big…”
“I don’t believe we’ve met.” Zeller said, smirking as he moved to shake Clarice’s hand.
“Oh this is Clarice Starling, one of my best agents and a good friend to me and Bella…” Jack

placed a hand on Clarice's shoulder, "She was there for me through some dark times, I owe her a lot."
Clarice blushed, "And Jack helped me when I wanted to leave the Unit, especially after Charlie was born."
The group grabbed their luggage and headed to the truck, chatting and catching up as they piled inside and headed towards the town.

The ride into town was decently short, filled with chatter as Clarice and Alana discussed their children and significant others.
"Margot is six months along, we're hoping its a boy." Alana sighed, showing her an ultrasound picture on her phone.
"You decided not to know the gender?"
"Yes; we will love our miracle no matter what they are."
As they pulled into Clarice's driveway, the sound of children shrieking grew louder.
"Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!" the sound of small children shrieking became clearer as the group tumbled from the truck, limbs sore from the long flight and subsequent car ride.
Clarice grunted as her children threw themselves into her arms, "My little angels, have you been good while I was gone?"
"They've been absolute terrors, just like their mother." James called from the porch. "Which reminds me, girls greet our guests."
Will smiled as Charlie and Sarah went around exchanging shy hello's and handshakes or high-fives. The girls became particularly attached to Beverly, who scooped each girl up in an arm, placing them on her hips.
"We'll rest here for a bit, talk shop and maybe have something to eat before I drive you to the inn where you'll be staying."
The sun hadn't yet begun to set and the afternoon sun warmed the cobblestone sidewalks as they made their way into the house.

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